

The Sneedville News

VOL. 1.

SNEEDVILLE, HANCOCK COUNTY, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1921.

NO. 36.

FROM Mr. H. ROSS,
Ensenada, Mexico.

The Sneedville News; Charley Jones, an old friend of the long ago, handed me a copy of the Sneedville News, and I read it and read it again. I have read me of the famous journal of the earth but the pages of the News, was the most welcome that ever greeted mine eye. They were like voices from the other side, messengers from over the part-missives, tender and sweet from those I knew and loved, in life's early dawn. Oh, how the bosom heaved and the eyes ran over as I scanned those pages from whence gleamed, as it were in letters of gold, the names so fondly remembered, names of those with whom I had loved, loved, laughed and cried. Ah to know that they still lived, was enough glory for an age. And what a pang at mention of those dear ones, who have died. Greene be their graves, gentle the rains that fall on their resting places, cherished and scared their memory through all coming ages. My heart, my love, my life is anchored in old Hancock county. I have met friends from every part of the globe but I have never met people that I so ardently love truly trust as those of East Tennessee.

Oh, Tennessee, Grand old Volunteer State, thy rock-ribbed hills are not firmer than the hearts and souls of thy sons and daughters. During the great war for liberty, I watched with swelling bosom, the acts of thy valiant sons. On history's shining pages will thy name be written high. And all the coming ages will land thy glories to the sky. Once, some many months ago our business took us into a place in Mexico, a place to which none but fools would go, and we were surrounded by the Insurrectors. We were given Lex fugit, (the law of flight) This meant; run and escape if you can but we will kill you if you go or stay. Some of the boys ran and were shot down. I refused to run, I preferred to die with my face to face, as the saying goes. During these last moments of life my thoughts ran back to old Hancock, and I thought of a song that Cass Jarvis used to sing; Jake and Jahue running through the pasture, Jake says to Jahue, run a little faster.

The recollection of this song and the circumstances under which I had heard it sung once brought a smile and I laughed loud as I thought, for the last time. This on-burst of glee at this sole moment, seemed to astound the rebels, and they lowered their guns. Just then I flew like a bird and song lent speed to my legs. Whether it was running or had shooting it don't matter now, but but that song saved me.

If you ever reach the jaws of Hell and then are suddenly transferred to the gates of paradise, you will know how I felt when I saw a great mountain of dust and above this mountain of dust and over above it the flapping, and delicate waving of the folds of old Glory coming to our rescue. It is no wonder we call it Old Glory. Millions of eyes have danced see that banner in the skies.

I can't say that I loved the old flag any the better after that for greater love no man can have than I already had toward that dear old emblem. There was never a time when I would not cheerfully have laid down a life

to keep that flag above the dust. East Tennessee has oft times been called upon to fight for that flag and she has never been appealed to in vain. Her sons, yes sons, fathers, grand fathers and great grand fathers, sleep on the slopes of Kings mountain and many other famous fields where armies met in battle. The sun never sets on the graves of East Tennesseans who died for the flag.

Yes, I love the East Tennessee, I love the for thy goodness, thy greatness, thy grandeur thy scenery, thy mountains, grand old hills, crystal watered stream and above all for the Saturday integrity of thy sons and the beauty and virtue of thy daughters. Thou produceth the finest womanhood that ever graced the earth. It is my opinion that thou hast produced at least one of the fairest, sweetest, purest and noblest angels that ever alighted on this mundane sphere.

I wonder, O I wonder if, any kind friend up there still remembers me? If so, would they kindly write a few lines and tell me of their hopes and loves and cares. Such letters would find a happy response in my soul. Write me at Ensenada, Mexico.

NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

Dacia Carter.

vs.

Charley Carter.

In Circuit Court at Sneedville, Tennessee.

In this cause, it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that Charley Carter, the defendant, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, he is therefore, hereby, required to appear on or before the 2nd, Monday in December 1921, before the Clerk of the said court, at his office in Sneedville and make defense to the bill filed against him in said court, by Dacia Carter, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed.

It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Sneedville News. This Nov. 12, 1921.

A. Y. Willis, Clerk.

By C. M. Collins, D.C.

Dr. E. J. McDANIEL,
DENTIST
TASZEWELL, TENN.

Office in Claiborne County Bank Bldg

Q. F. BUTTRY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SNEEDVILLE, TENNESSEE

Special attention given to collections.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

W. H. TRAMEL

vs.

MYRTLE TRAMEL.

In the Circuit Court at Sneedville, Tennessee.

In this cause it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that the defendant, Myrtle Tramel, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee, so that process cannot be served on her. She is therefore hereby required to appear on or before the Second Monday of December next before the Judge of the Circuit Court at the court house in Sneedville, and make defense to the bill filed against her by W. H. Tramel, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed, and set for hearing ex-parte as to her.

It is further ordered that this notice be published in The Sneedville News, a newspaper published in Sneedville, for four consecutive weeks. This Oct. 27, 1921.

A. Y. Willis, Clerk.
Printers fee paid, 19-27-21, 4w.

\$1. GETS THE NEWS 52 TIMES.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

FORSYTH'S SCOUTS, THE ORIGINAL "ROUGH RIDERS"

This is the story of 51 scouts, instead of just one, for together they won undying fame in one of the fiercest battles ever fought with the Indians on the frontier. They were Forsyth's Scouts, the "Rough Riders" of 1883. Gen. George A. Forsyth was their leader—"Sandy" Forsyth, he had been called in Civil war days.

The scouts left Fort Wallace, Kan., in pursuit of a band of Dog Soldier Cheyennes who had been raiding in western Kansas. Early one September morning while they were camped on the Arickaree river in eastern Colorado the Indians appeared and tried to stampede their horses. As the scouts prepared to mount and give battle, Sharpe Grover, their guide, touched Forsyth on the arm. "Oh, heavens, general!" he cried, "look at the Indians!"

In the next instant the surrounding hills and valleys were alive with savages, who charged down upon the scouts, but were driven off by a few volleys. Surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, there was but one thing for Forsyth to do. In the center of the stream was a little island on which grew a few small trees. "Make for the island, men!" shouted Forsyth. "It's our only chance."

They reached the island just in time. While Indian riflemen along the banks of the stream poured in a hot fire, a picked body of 500 warriors led by the Cheyenne chief, Roman Nose, charged down upon them, intending to ride over Forsyth's band in one red wave of destruction. The Indians were beaten back, they settled down to besiege the scouts.

Twenty-three of the 51 scouts had been killed or wounded when evening came. Forsyth was suffering from three wounds and Lieut. Fred Beecher, the second in command, had been killed, as had the only surgeon in the command.

For nine days, in spite of hunger and wounds, the little band of scouts beat off the Cheyennes, until two of the scouts managed to slip through the Indian lines at night and guide a force of cavalry to their rescue. Once Forsyth gave the unwounded scouts a chance to try to escape, leaving him and the other wounded to their fate, but they refused. "We've fought together, and we'll die together, if we must" was their heroic answer.

The island was named Beecher's Island, in honor of their lieutenant, and today a monument stands on it to mark forever the place where Forsyth's Scouts fought so bravely.

THE TATTLER'S WAGON.

I once had a tattler's wagon,
Which around with me I'd pull,
And as fast as I would empty it,
Some one would fill it full.
By and by I got so busy
I had little else to do,
But I'd meet the saints of God
And sing I'm going through.

So you say I was going through,
And tattling as I went,
But say, do you think that going
Through that is worth a cent?

Well I'd talk about my neighbor,
And he'd backbite me,
But still we'd go to church
And sing I'm glad salvation's free.

I'd tattle everything I heard;
I'd speak it far and wide,
And when my wagon emptied out
I'd put some more inside.

I'd talk about my Christian friends
And they would tattle, too,
And when we'd meet again in church
We'd sing, I'm going through.

Although we'd sing, I'm going through,
I think somehow we lied,
For we would load our wagons up
With tattlers junk inside.

And we would tattle everywhere,
At home and on the street,
But still we'd have the nerve to say,
I have ample food to eat.

And we'd back our wagons up
To get another load;
As soon as we could get it full
We'd start on Tattler's Road.

And if we'd meet a passerby,
We'd fret and fume and pout
Until we'd have a right good chance
To dump some poison out.

Of course the pentecostal folk
Don't tattle only when
They talk about the women folk,
'Tis also about the men.

Some of them have wagons too,
And when they go to church
They "Look for me for I'll be there."

When some one testifies in church,
Then some good sister doubts;
Another has no confidence
When a certain fellow shouts.
They tattle then about the folks
That shout and sing and pray,
But still they go to church
And sing, "I bless that happy day."

They sing, "Since Jesus came to stay
Old Satan lost his grip;
They pull their tattler's wagon
Their wagon's filled with both hands,
But strange to say.

They all sing,
"Yes, oh yes, He understands."
Folks, I'll tell you what to do,
Let's smash those wagons now;
Let each one bridle his own tongue
And stop this thing somehow.
Let's quit this awful tattling,
Let's bring it to an end.

And sing, I am determined
To hold out to the end.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

HOW CODY GOT NICKNAME OF "BUFFALO BILL"

When the Kansas Pacific railroad was being built through Kansas in 1867-68 it was necessary to provide food for an army of more than 1,500 track-layers. A source of supply was near at hand—vast herds of buffalo—and men were hired to do nothing else but kill these animals for food. One of the best-known of the hunters was William Frederick Cody, a young frontiersman who had been a pony express rider and guide for General Custer.

The work was dangerous, for the Indians did all they could to stop progress on the railroad. They especially hated these hunters who killed more buffalo in one day than they destroyed in a week, and Cody took his life in his hands every time he went out. He was known as an expert hunter, that the railroad men gave him the nickname of "Buffalo Bill."

During Cody's career as a buffalo hunter, a period of 18 months, he killed a total of 4,280 bison. His greatest exploit was his victory over Billy Comstock, a scout and rival hunter. The match was arranged by officers of Fort Wallace to decide which of the two men was the greatest slayer of bison. They were to hunt one day of eight hours, and the man who killed the greatest number of the animals was to be declared the champion buffalo hunter.

A herd was found and separated into two bunches. Cody immediately began riding at the head of his bunch, shooting the leaders and crowding the followers in toward the center of an ever-narrowing circle. In a short time he had killed 38, all of whom lay dead over a small area. Comstock had begun shooting at the rear of his herd and, although he killed 23, they were scattered over a distance of three miles. Two more herds were found, and when the final count was made, Cody had 63 and Comstock 46.

Later Cody became a famous scout and guide. He served with General Custer in Kansas and General Carr in Colorado. Cody was known as "Pahaska—Long Hair" by the Sioux, who had great respect for his prowess.

After the Indian wars ended Buffalo Bill organized his Wild West show, which added to his fame not only in America, but in Europe as well. After seventy-two years of life crowded with adventure, he died January 10, 1917. He is buried on Lookout Mountain, near Denver, Colorado.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS OF DR. R. W. DRINNON, DECEASED

The undersigned, D. T. Johnson, having been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Dr. R. W. Drinnon, deceased, all creditors of the said estate, are hereby given notice to file their claims on or by the 1st day of January, 1922, duly authenticated with the Clerk of the County Court of Hancock County, Tennessee, or the same will be forever barred.

This notice will be published in Sneedville News, a newspaper published in Sneedville, Tennessee, for four consecutive weeks as required by law.

This Nov. 7th, 1921.
D. T. Johnson, Administrator.

AGENTS WANTED.

Live agents wanted to handle City trade for the genuine Watson's products. A real opportunity. Write today for free sample and particulars. J. R. Watkins Company, Dept. 11, Memphis, Tenn.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

NED BUNTLINE, SCOUT WHO WAS WRITER OF PLAYS

Some of the old scouts turned their hands to queer trades when the Indian fighting days were over. Buffalo Bill was the owner of a Wild West show, Edgar S. Paxson became a painter, and Capt. Jack Crawford was a poet. It was left for Ned Buntline to add another to the list of unusual things for a scout to do. He became the writer of dime novels and the producer of melodramas equally exciting.

Judson was his real name, and Edward Zane Carroll Judson was the full title with which his parents burdened him on the day of his birth in Philadelphia in 1822. He became one of the boys who ran away to sea and when he was only thirteen he rescued the crew of a boat that had been run down by a ferry steamer in New York harbor. Soon afterwards he became a midshipman in the United States navy.

Then the West called him and Judson answered the call. During the Civil war he was chief of scouts among the Indians on the western frontier, and after that he wandered all over the great plains as hunter and trader. He made the acquaintance of Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill and Texas Jack, and began writing his thrilling tales, part fact and part fiction, about their lives. Ned Buntline was the pen name he used in his writing, and as Ned Buntline he became famous.

Buntline believed that eastern audiences would be interested in plays based on life in the Far West and in 1872 he persuaded Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack to come East and take part in one of his melodramas. They arrived in Chicago one Wednesday and found that Buntline was planning to open the show the next Monday. He had rented the largest theater in the city, but none of the other actors had been engaged to appear with the two scouts. In fact, the play had not yet been written!

With characteristic energy Buntline set to work and in four hours he had written a play called "The Scouts of the Plains."

Buntline's dime novels were equally popular, and, in spite of the disapproval of their parents, the boys of the eighties and the nineties eagerly read the hair-raising adventures of "Red Ralph, the Ranger" and "Dead-Eye Dick." Buntline never won renown as a scout himself, but he helped spread the fame of others, until in 1880 he followed the trail of many of the "redskins" who "bit the dust" when one of his hero's "trusty rifles" rang out.

FIRE IN RUTLEDGE.

The Baptist church in Rutledge and the residence of Clyde E. Smith situated on the adjoining lot where destroyed by fire about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. A barn on the Smith lot was also burned. The fire started in the church, the other buildings catching from it. The fire caught either from the stove or the fine Sunday School was held in the church Sunday morning and a funeral services was conducted in the afternoon. The fire was discovered with in a short time after the funeral party left the building. Both buildings were partially covered by insurance. The residence occupied by A. T. Drinnon West of the church lot was saved by the untiring efforts of the large crowd present.

BURIAL SUPPLIES

Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Suits, and Cresses.
I carry a complete line of burial supplies, from the cheapest to the very best. My prices are reasonable. Prompt service night or day.
HARRY HAYNES,
Tazewell, Tennessee

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Largest assortment
and full value paid
for FURS
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Goat Skins

LAND SALE.

Willis I. Winkler et al,
vs.

Nappie Mallicote et al.

No. 1232.

In obedience to a decree of the Chancery Court at Sneedville, made at the October Term, 1921, in the above styled case, I will, on Monday the 5th day of December, 1921, at Sneedville, in front of the Court House Door sell to the highest and best bidder the property in said decree described, being a tract of land known as the Thomas J. Winkler land, lying and being in the First Civil District of Hancock County, Tennessee, adjoining lands of the heirs of Thomas Greene et al, and further reference is made to the title papers now on file in said case, containing 100 acres more or less.

TERMS OF SALE.

Said sale will be made on a credit of six and twelve months time with notes and approved personal security bearing interest from date, and a further lien is retained on said land for the purchase money, except one third of the purchase price of said land will be paid down.

This the 31st day of October, 1921.
L. E. Jarvis, Clerk and Commissioner.
11-24-21w printers fee \$10.00

X

If there is an X mark on your paper or wrapper this week it means your time is out, and it is a special request for you to renew, as the postal laws require that all subscriptions be paid in advance.

M. E. Church, South; Rev. W. L. Rowwood, Pastor.

1st, Sunday, Independence at 11 a. m. Beech Hill, 3 p. m.

2nd, Sunday, Shilo, 11 a. m. Beech Grove, 3 p. m.

3rd, Sunday, Thomas Chapel, Saturday night and Sunday 11 a. m. Sneedville at night.

4th, Sunday, Howards Quarter, Saturday 3 p. m. Sunday 11 a. m.



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